

Another Planet Coming for a Visit.

THE planet Mercury, which has been visiting the oriental domains of the sun since the end of August, passes behind his greater master, in "superior conjunction," preparatory to entering the evening sky once more. It will not get into a good position for observation, however, until next month.

Genius Finds Its Own Road and Carries Its Own Lamp



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the Battle of Saratoga in 1777 in which Gen. Burgoyne commanding the English army was defeated and captured by the American army under Gen. Gates. This capitulation did much toward bringing the Revolution to a successful end.

When a Girl Marries

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Anne Gets a Telegram From Tom Mason and Tries to Tell Jim About It.

By Ann Lisie.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

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"MRS. BRUCE" announced the operator. "Ask her to come up," I returned mechanically.

And mechanically I continued to try to puzzle out the mystery of Betty's return to town and her discovery of us—though, of course, both would be explained in a very few minutes.

Then, hoping I was going to manage it with some of the finesse that was one of the things in Jim's world I most admired, I opened the door to greet her.

"This is a nice surprise," I said, whether to be proud of my inactivity—or ashamed of it, puzzled me; but it turned to sincerity under the warm friendliness of Betty's eyes and words.

She took my hands in her strong, steady white ones and I saw again that red scar under the knuckles of her right hand—that scar which stood for the new chivalry and self-sacrifice of womanhood.

"One of the nicest things about coming back is seeing you again, Princess Anne," said she. "Now let's put me into an apron so I can help you with the dinner party you don't know you're giving."

I entered into the spirit of her friendliness and liked myself for doing it. Then Betty explained, and I was gladder than ever that I had been decent even before Betty made it all clear. "I got back only yesterday, and there wasn't a soul to help me strip covers off my furniture and make the place habitable. Terry came over to explain about the new work of rehabilitating crippled men the Red Cross wants me to do here in New York—and we were on our way to a dreary Sunday dinner in a hotel when we saw Jim running down the steps of a house over on the other side of the Arch. He took pity on us and invited us here. And I took pity on you and taxied ahead to warn you."

"Now may I have an apron right away quick? The boys will be here in just about five minutes."

In spite of my protests, Betty insisted on taking that lavender foreliveness into the kitchen of pots and pans. Off came the satin turban, draped high on the left, as Betty's little hair always are; off came the cape, and Betty pinned up her chiffon and hid them under the pink and white checks of my prettiest bungalow apron. And she looked an aristocrat even in that!

"Anne, do you see much of Tom Mason?" demanded Betty suddenly.

All the warm friendliness fled—started before the attack. So Jim had told her about Tom and the robe. I resented it, and all the more since my husband had assured me the whole thing wasn't worth talking about.

Perfectly natural. "Why do you ask?" I warily inquired.

"Isn't it natural, little friend? Here you and Jim are—established in his apartment. Tom Mason is a cad. Anne—a cad, and a great lover of the beautiful. You're very lovely—but, Jim, Jim tells me that a hundred times a day—well, don't let the Mason-man tell you, too."

Jim had not told me that he thought me "lovely" for longer than I liked to remember. I resented Betty's taking for granted that he spoke often of my looks which I felt were in sad enough contrast to Betty's regal beauty. I resented her supposing that it must be for my looks and nothing else that Tom Mason liked me—and I felt myself rising up in arms at her calling him a cad.

A moment before I had been ready to like Betty, but now the barriers were up again. It is always so—I find myself ready to like her and then she's sure to do something at which I fairly must take offense.

A ring at the door saved me from answering Betty rudely. I jerked the strings of her apron into a bow and ran to the door.

There was a telegram—addressed to me. I signed for it and then I studied it for a moment, as if the typewritten address on the yellow envelope could tell me something about its contents. Of course, there was no reason for fright, but somehow I felt terrified by that mysterious little envelope.

Betty came to the door between the kitchenette and the living room.

"I peeked into the oven, Princess Anne, and saw a delicious lamb roast. Shall I light the burners again? The boys will be here directly."

"Please," I replied. "And will you put on some water to boil? I make my coffee the old-fashioned way—with the yolk of an egg."

Then I crept over to the window, hid behind the curtains of apricot silk and ran my little finger under the flap of the yellow envelope. Of course, I looked first at the signature—"Thomas C. Mason."

At that I fell to trembling as if with cold. But as I stared out the window, I could see Jim and Captain Winston coming down the street—and I must read and digest the message before their arrival. It was a night letter.

"Please send Mrs. Winston robe to Camp Torvald, Ruyter's Landing, as soon as convenient. Arranging present benefit Italian war sufferers Wednesday. Wish you were here to lend yourself to work—but send robe instead to

girl who will not be as good Venice as you. Greetings to you and Jim." Mechanically I began to count the words—just fifty! I smiled at myself for that, and actually laughed in relief. How matter of fact Mr. Mason was about the robe. His attitude made me realize as he looked on the whole episode casually—as Jim did.

I had the telegram in my hand when I went to the door at the first click of Jim's latch key. I could greet Captain Winston without any attempt at "finesse." I did so like the big, blonde Englishman, and I was so sure of his honest friendship for my boy and his kindly regard for that boy's wife.

Betty popped in from the kitchen and I felt Captain Winston's hand tighten suddenly over mine as she came into the room. Red stained his bronzed face.

"Jove, Betty, you look wonderful doing the domestic," he cried. "Like Hebe or one of those ladies from Mt. Olympus. As if she'd be a good wife for a poor man; doesn't she now, Mrs. Jimmie?"

"Yes," I gasped miserably. He and Jim were both lost in admiration of Betty in my pink apron—and my dull little gray silk dress and white "housemaid's apron" now seemed as dingy as a November sky.

"Jim, what did you do with the package?" I asked, seeking for an opening through which to introduce the subject of the telegram.

"Oh, dropped it at his house," replied my husband carelessly. "Dinner ready, girls!"

"In a minute, dear—first I want to tell you—" I began again.

"Come on, chef, the coffee is calling you. I'm starved and I know these masculine persons will get savage if we don't feed 'em, and I don't trust my touch on that delicious roast," interrupted Betty, tucking her arm through mine and impelling me kitchenward.

And as I reached the door I lifted my hand and tucked Tom Mason's telegram into the bosom of my dress.

To Be Continued.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

WAKE up! Wake up! and sing your song. As we roll merrily along. Above the meadow sings the lark. So let us sing aboard the Ark.

"There goes the Weathercock," cooed the Dove, flying over to the port hole and looking out over the bright blue ocean.

"Tell him I'll get up in a minute," yawned Puss Junior.

So the Dove, who slept in Puss Junior's cabin in a pretty gilt cage, spoke to the Weathercock, after which she commenced to sing:

"There's a robin in the woodland. There's a robin in the sea. But they are just as different. As different can be.

"The one that's in the forest Has feathers and a tail; The one that's in the ocean Has a scaly coat of mail.

"The Robin in the forest Could never take a swim; The robin of the ocean Could never fly or skim.

Across the grassy meadow, Nor fly up in a tree; But he can do all kinds of stunts Within the deep blue sea."

"Where did you learn all that?" asked Puss, as he pulled on his red top boots.

"Listen: there's another verse, and maybe two or three," cooed the Dove, and then she began to sing again.

The robin of the woodland Has a pretty crimson vest; He sings a merry, blithe song And builds a cozy nest.

The robin of the ocean Has fins that look like wings. He doesn't build a nest at all. He grunts, but never sings.

Yet both of them are robins. As some of us have heard— Although the ocean one's a fish. The woodland one's a bird.

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" crowed the Weathercock, as the Dove finished her song. "Hurrah for you! You are the poet of the Ark!"

"Oh, no!" replied the modest little Dove, "that is not my own. My mother taught me that song when I was a Dovelet."

"Is that so?" said the Weathercock, and he gave a sigh of relief, for I guess he wanted to be the only poet on board the Ark and sing his little songs every morning just as he had always done.

By this time Puss was dressed, and, taking the Dove on his shoulder, went down to the dining room. As usual, the Noah boys were on hand with great and glorious appetites.

"How are the animals this morning?" inquired Captain Noah, helping himself to a big saucer of oatmeal.

"Pretty well," answered Japhet. "Some of the insects are getting restless," said Ham.

"I should say so," exclaimed Mrs. Noah. "Here's that big red Ant in the sugar bowl."

"Catch him!" cried Shem. "We ought to put him back where he belongs." But the Ant all of a sudden crawled out of the sugar bowl and ran down the leg of the table. And in the next story you shall hear of a most exciting rescue.

(To Be Continued.)

A Rose Gown and Gold Chapeau



The handsome evening gown is developed in various shades of maroon and rose chiffon. The skirt is composed of many shades of draped chiffon, and a long panel train of rose satin, with ribbon of maroon velvet, falls from the waist line. Touches of velvet and rosebuds are placed here and there.

The smart hat is of gold cloth, with the brim veiled in black maline. A black plume of uncurled ostrich is laid on the brim.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

The uses to which eggs may be put are many, apart from their employment as food. A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not leave a blister. The white skin that lines the shell of an egg is a useful application for a boil. The white of an egg beaten with loaf sugar and lemon relieves hoarseness—a teaspoonful taken once every hour. An egg added to the morning cup of coffee makes an invigorating tonic. A raw egg with the yolk unbroken, taken in a glass of wine, is beneficial for convalescents.

To remove tar spots from a cream silk coat, mix in a bottle one part each of pure linseed oil and liquor of ammonia, and two parts of spirits of turpentine until they form a thin cream. Lay the coat on a table covered with sheets of newspaper, and with a small artist's color brush dipped in the solution "touch" the spots, allow the solution to remain on for a few minutes then repeat the process. Continue the operation three times. Then, with a piece of flannel dipped in pure spirits of turpentine, rub the stains singly, and they will disappear.

Date pudding sounds stodgy, but it isn't so made my way. I soak four tablespoonfuls of tapioca (or sago) overnight in milk that has been brought to the boil; half a pint will do. Then in the morning, having stoned and chopped a tangle of dates, I mix these with the milk and tapioca, and steam for three hours in a greased basin. If you want to make this sweet extra nourishing, try adding a well-beaten egg before steaming.

Who doesn't like shortbread? These dainties may be made in the nick of time for a surprise party as follows: Mix a quarter pound of margarine in with a half pound of flour, a quarter pound of sugar, salt, and a little grated lemon rind. Cut into squares; bake in a slow oven until a golden brown.

And remember, if, when using oatmeal, you don't cook it very thoroughly, it has a most unpleasant "raw" flavor.

A little sago or tapioca added to the juice of any fresh fruit stewing makes the dish so round and so much farther, and doesn't spoil it, either.

Nuts are very good value for money, as they weigh light. Numerous dainties can be devised with their aid; and, besides, they are most nutritious. We ought to make much more of them than we do.

The Soldier Who Couldn't Get His Trench Helmet Off.

By FONTAINE FOX.



Treatment of Colds

Health Expert Says First Symptoms of Cold Should Be Given Careful Treatment

By BRICE BELDEN, M. D.

AS soon as the first symptoms of a cold appear, such as sneezing, chilliness, and cough, the patient should take five grains of salicylate of ammonium, in a capsule, every four hours. Some water—about half a tumblerful—should be taken at the same time. This drug will ameliorate the symptoms considerably, even if it does not shorten the course of the cold. Moreover, it is free from the depressing and even dangerous effects of many nostrums, none of which should be used by the public.

It goes without saying that if there is more than a simple cold to deal with, in other words, if there is bronchitis or grip, a physician must be consulted, for his counsel may ward off pneumonia, or his examination detect beginning signs of that disease.

The slightest signs of ear trouble in the course of a cold should also call for medical advice and supervision, for disease of the middle ear very often results from infection by way of the nasal passages. In this connection a word of warning is in order regarding the prevailing fashion of blowing the nose, which directly invites infection of the ear. The nose should be blown gently, with the mouth open, and the nostrils should not be compressed by the handkerchief and fingers. Hold the handkerchief under and over the nose, rather loosely.

When sneezing or coughing hold

the handkerchief over the mouth and nose to prevent the dissemination of infectious germs.

If slight fever appears, take half a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia and half a teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre, in half a tumblerful of water, every three hours until four doses have been taken.

For stopping up of the nose use a little carbolic vaseline, of a strength of 1 per cent.

A hot mustard foot bath should be taken at night, and a pair of woolen socks worn in bed. Respiration should be encouraged by heavy coverings. A sedative powder should be taken each morning before breakfast.

If there is a persistent cough, with expectoration, teaspoonful doses of the syrup of the hypophosphite of ammonium should be taken every two hours. Warm inhalations of the vapor from a crop-kettle, to which a teaspoonful of the compound tincture of benzoin should be added, will also give relief.

The chest may be painted, if there is soreness or pain, with compound tincture of iodine; or rubbed with equal parts of spirits of turpentine and compound soap liniment.

In a simple cold the diet is best not restricted, as vitality might be lowered and complications favored. Alcohol in any form should not be taken, as it always lowers resistance.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Declines to Keep Her Promise.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going with a girl for a year, and we pledged our troth two years ago. Last summer, when she was taken sick and had to go to a sanitarium to recuperate. When she came home her health was fully restored and she promised to marry me. Prior to this I was classified in the third class, but now I am reclassified in the first class and expect to go with the next contingent. When I was in the third class, I was for fear of my coming home disabled. Your advice would be warmly appreciated as to what step I should take. It is grieving me, for I love her dearly.

Women Who "Put Off"

By LORETTO G. LYNCH.

"A DOZEN times I have meant to have a key made for that door, but somehow or other, I just don't seem to get to it," remarked a woman who was always going to but never did. It made me think of a speech recently made to officers graduating from a training camp. The man who made the address was a veteran hero. The main point he brought out was the fact that in the long run it was much better to go ahead even if one made a mistake than to become a slave to procrastination.

Often we hear one say that she never bothers with details. She prides herself that this automatically makes her "broad-minded." Yet all life is a series of small details and until one has served an apprenticeship at detail he or she has not developed the power to conceive situations in the "big."

"Your house seems to run along so smoothly," remarked a discouraged housewife to her neighbor. "You never seem to have to have a general upheaval and rearranging like I do."

But just what was the secret of the first woman's success? She had a little piece of pencil and as she thought of them she jotted down various items. Sometimes her list ran something like this:

Get new latch key. Burn bedroom curtain. See that Mrs. B. returns umbrella and raincoat.

Arrange washing machine demonstration. Phone express company.

Pack box for J. in base hospital. As each thing was accomplished she crossed it off.

How often have we noticed the remorse of a woman who was going to but didn't. I have in mind a woman whose nephew was confined to a military hospital. She had raised this boy. She was good-hearted, had good intentions; but she was an arch procrastinator.

She always was "going to" send him a box of delicacies. She "intended" to write him tomorrow. Day days and days passed and she just didn't get to it and then the day came when he passed away. Who knows what longings and unnecessary heartache this woman's procrastinating caused that poor soldier boy.

Two hundred times to my knowledge she has made up her mind to quit her adversary and ask the law to give her freedom. But she puts it off.

Well, maybe tomorrow—I don't know—well, I don't want to start into work just yet, and— This is the kind of procrastinator who is a torment to the women of her neighborhood. She is good, but she puts it off over and over, if she has, she procrastinates after deciding. One should not decide quickly, or without due consideration on any course of action, but even if you do make a mistake once in a while, don't, please don't, be a procrastinator.

waiting such an interminable time, and when she was sick I was faithful to her. Asked to release me from my promise, she now claims she loves me and will wait till I come back and marry me, though regardless of my condition. If she were sincere do you not think she would consent to make me happy now?

This young lady has shown a certain capricious quality, according to your account of her conduct, and I doubt if she possesses the necessary qualities for making you happy. If she declines to marry you before you sail for France there is really nothing to be done but to make the best of the situation. Perhaps she may relent at the last moment, as so many girls have done.

Would Like to Take Her to the Theater.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

While on a week-end at a summer hotel I met a very charming young lady, whom I learned to care for very much. I also met her mother and father. I have found out where she lives, and I am writing to ask you if you think it would be proper for me to invite her to see a play some evening, also how to go about it, as I am very backward in social matters.

M. T.

It would be quite proper for you to invite the young lady to go to the theater, particularly as you have met her mother and father. Write her a little note and ask her what play she would like to see.

Forestall His Friends.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a sailor boy for the past five months. I am very much in love with him and I know he feels the same toward me. But what I want to know is, is it right for me to go with other young men when he is away? I am doing some work where it is quite necessary for me to have an escort, and some of his friends threaten to tell him of this when he returns. Now, Miss Fairfax, I love him so much I want him to feel that I am true to him, and I should like your advice.

JOAN L.

Why not forestall these meddling friends by writing to your sailor boy and telling him the circumstances? Tell him, as you have met, that it is necessary for you to have an escort in coming from your work, but that it makes no change in your feeling for him.

Getting Out of It.

The famous artist had just finished painting the portrait of a young girl who was very proud of her appearance. The artist was talking about her to an intimate friend at the private view at the Academy.

"Her features are exquisitely moulded, I have heard," said the friend, who had seen neither portrait nor original.

"Beautiful forehead and eyes," murmured the artist; "handsome nose, fine chin, but mouth like an elephant's."

"Sir!" said a voice behind. And the artist turned, to see the girl he referred to at his elbow. "A mouth like an elephant's! What do you mean?"

"Only that it is filled with superb ivory," returned the artist with a deep bow.

The girl smiled graciously.

Let the noise of quarters and dollars pouring into the U. S. Treasury announce to the world that this country is united. Buy War Savings Stamps.